

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowlines possesse them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange deepe, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't it
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st it more distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottomerun
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheek proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heire of *Naples*, twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneccessarily
As this *Gonzalo*: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead):
Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say besits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,
And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzalo's eare.

While you here do snooring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,

Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preferre the King.

Alon. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?

It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare

Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alon. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,

That's verily 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground & let's make further search

For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heauen's keepe him from these Beasts:

For he is sure i'th Island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ariel. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue

So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him
By ynn-male a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse, but they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrehyu-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their prick at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouten tongues
Doe hisse me into madness: Lo, now Lo, Enter
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo*.
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beere off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing i'th' winde: yond same blaek cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bombard that would shed his
liquor: if it should thunder, as 'it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choofe but fall by pail-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o' my troth: I doe now let loose my o-
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an *Island*-
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-
bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-
lowes: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme
be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinke.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;

The Gunner, and his Mate

Low'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,

But none of vs car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:

Shee lo'd not the suuour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere shee did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh:

Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not seap'd drowning, to be asfeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-*
phano breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my
wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prospero* workes
vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here
is that which will giue language to you Car; open your
mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and
that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open
your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be, I should know that voyce:

But